

# THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, THIRTEEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR," AND "LITERARY WORLD."

No. 53. NEW SERIES.]

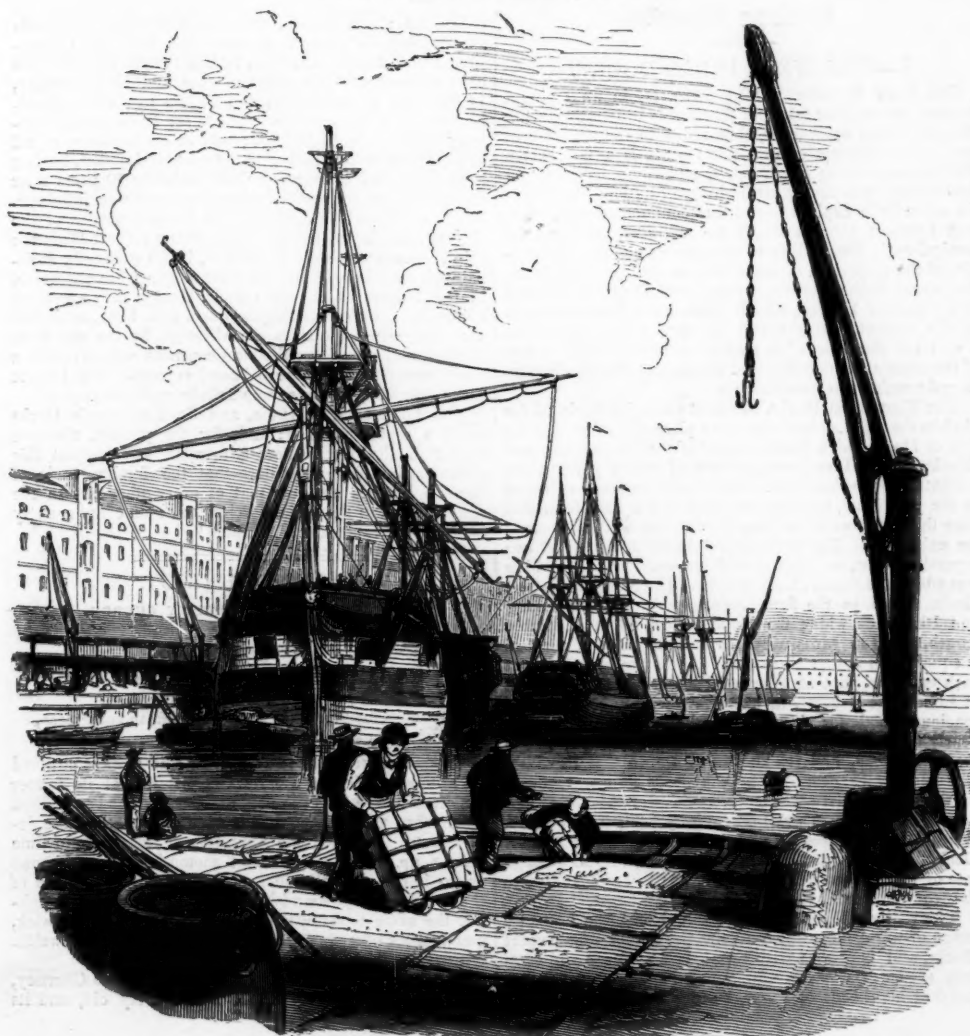
SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1842.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

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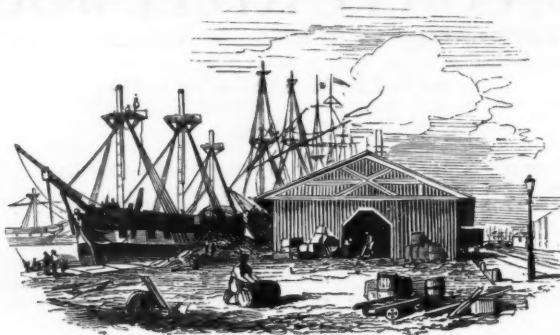
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## THE WEST INDIA DOCKS.



J. RIDER, PRINTER,  
VOL. III.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE,  
B



THE EXPORT DOCK.

## London Lions.

### I.—THE WEST INDIA DOCKS.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, who possesses, in an eminent degree, the peculiar talent of felicitously illustrating every subject that he approaches, thus refers to the situation of the British metropolis as a port:—"It is a fact, not a little interesting to Englishmen, and combined with our insular station in that great highway of nations, the Atlantic, not a little explanatory of our commercial eminence, that LONDON occupies nearly the centre of the terrestrial hemisphere." Proceeding to examine its claim to the dignity of the emporium of the world, we shall find confirmation strong in the vastness of the several Docks constructed in the port of London, all of which have been the works of the present century; and the reader is assured, that a visit to "the Docks" is as replete with interest as any of the more attractive sights of the metropolis, which more directly rank as its amusements.

The West India Docks, the most extensive works of the kind in the world, extend along the piece of land called the Isle of Dogs, which lies in a bend of the Thames between Blackwall and Limehouse, at both of which places there are entrances to the docks. Their construction was begun in the year 1800, and in two years and a half from that time the works were sufficiently advanced to admit vessels for unloading. These Docks originally consisted of two separate basins, an Export and Import Dock; to which was added the South Dock, in 1829. The North, or Import Dock, shown in the first Engraving, is 170 yards long and 166 yards wide; the Export Dock is of the same length, and 135 yards wide; so that the area of the two is equal to 54 acres: there are, besides, two basins, one at each entrance, that at Blackwall being 5 acres, and that at Limehouse 2 acres, in extent. The South Dock is a spacious canal for shipping of the largest class: it is nearly three quarters of a mile long, running parallel to the other docks, and its lock-gates are 45 feet in width. The entire area occupied by the docks and warehouses consists of more than 295 acres, enclosed, (with the exception of the South Dock,) by a lofty wall, 5 feet thick. When originally opened, such is the extent of the Import Dock, that although the water was admitted at an average rate of 800 gallons per second, the space was not filled to the required depth, about 24 feet, for ten hours.

The visitor will not fail to be struck with the immense range of warehouses which divides the Import and Export Docks, and is fronted with massive stone quays and cast-iron sheds. In these warehouses is stowage-room for 160,000 hogsheds of sugar, besides a large quantity of

coffee, &c.; and herein, and under the spacious sheds surrounding the quays, at one time have been deposited 148,563 casks of sugar, 70,875 barrels, and 433,648 bags of coffee, 35,158 pipes of rum and Madeira wine, 14,021 logs of mahogany, and 21,350 tons of logwood, besides other merchandise. The West India Dock Company's capital is £1,380,000; and in consequence of all West India ships, trading to the port of London, having been compelled to frequent these docks for 20 years after their formation, the profits during that period were immense.

The characteristic distinction in the appearance of the Export and Import Docks is, that in the Export Dock the ship is seen to greatest advantage, being generally fresh-painted, standing-rigging up, colours flying, &c.; whereas, in the Import Dock, the vessels, though they are more picturesque, with their rigging down and loose, as in the first Engraving, the sides are whitened by the action of the sea, and altogether the ship contrasts strongly with a vessel ready for an outward-bound voyage. The Import Dock, likewise, presents more activity upon its quays.

The London, East India, and St. Katherine's Docks merit a separate notice; and, for the present, the vast extent of the Docks here illustrated will support this almost astounding assertion,—that the foreign trade of London exceeds not only that of every other city in the world, but even the entire foreign trade of every country in Europe, France alone excepted!

## BLANCHE HERIOT.

### A LEGEND OF OLD CHERTSEY CHURCH.

#### CHAPTER I.

*How May Day was kept four centuries ago.*

"Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seene  
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and greene,  
And sweet as Flora."—*Herrick.*

CHERTSEY-UPON-THAMES may be said to have outlived its antiquity. There are few records left of its former importance, and its once noble monastery has bequeathed little more to show us that it ever existed, than the detached *tessellæ* which the ploughshare from time to time throws up. The only perfect memorial of its bygone power is the old bell which still hangs in the steeple of the church—whose sound still quivers and vibrates throughout the same tower which the good Abbot Rutherford, amongst his other beneficent deeds, erected in the twelfth century.

No one knows how that ancient bell came to Chertsey, or whence was its origin. It is very very old, and its

motto and quaint Saxon letters prove its antiquity. It probably swung, and clanged, and echoed from the turrets of the monastery centuries before the honest Abbot's time—it might have assisted to chime for his birth, and it ushered him to the grave in company with the other prelates who went before or succeeded him. The kingdom changed its rulers: usurpers rose and fell: war followed inaction, and peace transplanted war, yet still the old bell kept on its unchanging song, and rang for the conqueror as bravely and lustily as it had before welcomed the vanquished. Its morning sounds roused the hind from slumber to his daily toil; and at evening it pealed out the solemn curfew, which carried its voice of rest far over the broad expanse of wooded hill and rich pasture that then surrounded the monastery.

It was May Day, and the May of England in the olden time—such a fair season as awakened the numbers of our early poets, and produced those bland and honest verses in honour of the “sote monthe,” with which, in the joyousness of their hearts, they welcomed the coming of spring's fairest handmaiden. Nor was this homely feeling of rural glee confined to the poets alone, for all the land partook of it. And when they saw the blossoms and buds bursting from their winter shelter, and breaking forth into life and vitality, their own unaffected hearts inspired the feeling from the wild flowers, and they felt the influence of May, and rejoiced at her coming, with the same outpouring of breathing gratitude and homage that the flowers evinced by their sweet odours.

The first green blush of spring was beginning to spread over the branches of the goodly trees that encompassed a large smooth pasture in the immediate vicinity of the Abbey, where we would lay the opening scene of our legend. Here and there, the hawthorn and a few early shrubs had pushed forth their full summer leaf; but the greater part of the greenwood owed its slightly verdant tint to the half expanded buds, which awaited, as if timidly, the more cherishing heat of summer to bring them to maturity. Nonetheless, the indications of approaching foliage were every-where apparent, and the heavy blossoms of the fruit trees added in no small degree to the promise of a luxuriant and early season, which the rest of the vegetable world held forth; and showered down their petals, studding the green turf with their delicate leaflets, in company with the gentle daisies that peeped out from the grass to kiss the sunbeams.

A merry company had assembled on this pasture to join in the May day gambols; and the village (for Chertsey was a village then) appeared to have turned out its entire population to ‘don observance’ to the festival. The shrill garrulity of age mingled with the light intonations of youth, and the full voice of manhood with the joyous silvery laugh of woman. Some were dancing in noisy glee around the tall shaft, which, decorated with field flowers, formed the Maypole; and others, more intent upon personal embellishments, were trimming light wreaths of cowslips to add to the attraction of their own rustic toilets. Various groups of joyous laughing individuals were scattered about the enclosure, watching the sports of their companions; amidst whom, the sober forms of a few monks from the Abbey, whose oriel commanded a view of the entire scene, were gravely walking about, bestowing an occasional ‘benedicite’ in reply to a passing salute; or anon casting a glance, that still savoured of this world, upon any rosy girl who chanced to cross their path.

Nor were the chief performers in the celebration absent. The alewife of ‘Y’ ROSE HOSTELRIE’ had placed sundry benches in front of her dwelling, around which was collected a goodly crew of masks and mummers, who were indulging in countless potations of good ale and hippocras,

in the intervals of their performances round the May-shaft. The Jester presided over the entertainment, and, perched upon the back of a rude chair, with his red and yellow shoes upon the seat, was controlling, with his grotesquely-carved marotte, such outbreaks of misrule as a flow of good spirits tempted the others to give way to; Master Snap, the dragon, in his wicker envelope, was relating a sly jest to the Hobby-horse; Friar Tuck was flirting with Maid Marian; the Minstrel with his pipe and tabor was, in a subdued manner, and with an occasional glance of contempt at the village orchestra then performing, endeavouring to accompany Little John in his attempt to rehearse a species of ode which was meant for the edification of their audience when the mumming-ring was again formed; and Robin Hood was tipping with elder-wood whistles a sheaf of reed arrows that lay on a rough settle at his side. All was innocent mirth and hilarity, for increased education and refinement had not ruined the simplicity of the May revellers, nor spoiled their taste for harmless merrymaking.

But although this scene of rustic gaiety was passing in an almost unheeded spot of the island, yet was it a sad time for England generally, for the date of our chronicle is the year 1471—the period of the hottest conflicts between the Roses of York and Lancaster. The want of newspapers, or circulated official accounts of the various changes as they occurred, compelled those not actually engaged in the strife to depend upon the stories of the wandering chapman, or the rumours of the occasional traveller for information, as to what course the affairs of the Kingdom were taking; and even in the present instance, the tidings of the bloody contest at Barnet, although three weeks had elapsed since the engagement, were imperfectly understood by the majority of the people. It must not be supposed, however, that the villagers were careless as to the subsequent issue of the dispute, or that they felt no interest in the fortunes of the two parties. On the contrary, the least information was eagerly sought after, and a small red or white rose, predominating in their rustic finery, plainly betokened the cause which the wearer espoused, and silently spoke the sentiments of the individual when open language would have been dangerous.

“Hast heard any news from the other side of London, reverend father?” asked a sober-looking personage, of a monk who was passing at the instant.

“A worthy friar arrived at the monastery from Hampshire, but yestere’en, Master Woodley, and brought us tidings of Queen Margaret,” replied the monk. “She has left the sanctuary at Beaulieu, and marched with some newly-collected troops towards Gloucestershire. It was reported that the Duke of Somerset and Sir Thomas Fulford had formed the army during her retirement, and that they expected hourly additions to their force.”

“May victory on the rightful side speedily end this fearful struggle,” said Master Woodley.

“Amen,” fervently rejoined the monk; and then, as if anxious to avoid further conversation on the subject, he added abruptly, “The villagers are slow to recommence their pastime—do they wait for any thing?”

“They have chosen our fair beauty, Blanche Heriot, for their Queen of the May,” replied a young man who now joined the party; “and her majesty not finding a consort to her mind, has not appeared to-day. I would gage my new jerkin against the Fool’s hood, that her thoughts are more with Margaret’s army than our band of mummers. What sayest thou, holy father?”

“The thoughts of Mistress Heriot are known but to herself or her confessor,” returned the monk, calmly. And murmuring a *pax vobiscum* he bent his steps towards the Abbey.

"You have done wrong, Herrick, to question that good man so abruptly," said Master Woodley to his young companion.

"I did but hint at what all the world knows," rejoined the youth. "Neville Audeley is brought up with his cousin Blanche, and of course they fall in love with each other. Of course, also, Sir Mark Heriot does not approve of the match; and in consequence, the young squire goes off to the wars, to fill his purse with the gold nobles of the dead Yorkists: pray Heaven he may succeed, say I. Halloo there, Mistress Rummin! a tankard of ale to pledge the Red Roses, and may the enemies of Lancaster be choked with the stalks!"

At the table towards which Herrick advanced, upon giving his orders to the hostess, were seated two men, whose dress formed a sorry contrast to the holiday-clad throng around them. They were apparently soldiers of the king's army, but their surcoats were torn and soiled, and their armour smeared with blood and dirt, bearing proofs of a hurried and recent journey. They took little notice of the bystanders, but conversed with each other in an under tone, and seemed anxious to avoid public gaze; scarcely moving their eyes from the ground, until the young man flung his hat carelessly upon the table, and repeated his wish in a louder key, as he raised the cup of humming liquor to his lips.

"Now, by my halidame, thou shalt rue thy pledge!" exclaimed one of the strangers, as he started from his seat. "Who art thou, minion, thus to blazon thy rebellious notions to the world?"

"Oh, I am not ashamed to tell you," replied the youth, placing the half-emptied tankard upon the table. "My name is Herrick Evenden, and my father is a skilful leech and a learned, dwelling in Chertsey. He looks forward to much practice amongst the maimed Yorkists, when our noble Somerset shall have beaten them from the field, like cravens as they are. Nay—draw not your weapon, my master—we are no swordsmen here; but if you wish me to let out some of the hot blood from your brain with this beechen staff, take off your bascinet, and I will do my best."

Several of the bystanders, attracted by the dispute, had now gathered round the table, and some of the more peacefully inclined, knowing Evenden's madcap temperament, and fearing mischief, contrived to lead him away from his adversary, by dint of mingled threats and persuasions. The soldier who had first addressed him, angrily sheathed his sword as he resumed his seat, and in a few minutes all went on as gaily as before.

"It is plain we are the first from the field," said the man-at-arms, in the same subdued tone he had before used to his companion. "These rebellious grubs have not heard of their defeat, or they would be more courteous. Mass! had they seen their vaunted Somerset split poor Wenlock's skull for doing nothing, they would not love him too much. The bird has not yet returned to his nest."

"And therefore is his capture certain," rejoined the other. "His only chance of safety is in escape to the Low Countries, and if, as we are told, he is a suitor of this bright-eyed girl, he will assuredly take Chertsey in the line of his flight to the coast. 'Twill be no child's play if we meet him sword to sword. An you had seen him beat back the Duke of Gloucester, when he pushed for the entrenchments, you would think the same."

"We need not fight him single-handed," replied the first speaker, smiling grimly. "I left my troop in small parties along the river's bank wherever it was fordable, and if he is not hewn down at once, they will be close upon the slot."

"The villagers will ere long be weary of their pastime,"

observed his companion, "I would fain have them cleared away before the chase begins, for if they are affected towards our rebel, they may give us some little trouble yet. Come, Evered—another flagon to our success, and a long reign to King Edward!"

The pipe and drum sounded gaily, and the Dragon and Hobby Horse whirled and caracolled around the shaft, amidst the shouts of their delighted and admiring audience. The Fool winked, and threw out sly jests and leers at all the pretty maidens, until the ears of their rustic sweethearts tingled with jealousy; and anon, when they were tired with dancing, and drew around the hostelry for refreshment, the Minstrel chanted a homely ballad, in praise of their leader, Robin Hood, or detailing some of his bold adventures. But as the evening approached, the throng gradually withdrew; and when the stars began to twinkle in the deep blue sky, the two soldiers were the only beings who remained near the inn; although a blaze of light gleaming upon their armour, and the sound of glad voices issuing from the interior, proved that some of the merry-makers had not yet concluded their day's amusement.

## RECALL ME NOT.

BY TYRONE POWER.

"Mille pensées, mille souvenirs me traversent le cœur, mais ma mémoire ne me représente rien que de doux et d'aimable; j'espère que la votre fait de même."—*Seigné.*

RECALL me not, as in the idle crowd

I oft have met thee,  
Where maidens blandly smiled and flutterers bow'd,  
And hands were press'd, and light vows lightly vow'd,  
'Midst laugh and dance, and merry music loud,  
Or soon, love, you'll forget me.

Recall not e'er my heartless tone or air,  
When fain to fret thee,  
I've scoff'd at love's light wounds and love's despair,  
And swore I ne'er felt lover's pain or care;  
Then breathed sweet words, with flattery falsely fair,  
Or rightly you'll forget me.

For you will see full many as gay a sight  
As when I met thee;  
As short will seem full many a merrier night,  
When other eyes than mine will beam full bright,  
And other tongues than mine breathe vows as light,  
'Till surely you'll forget me.

Recall me, rather, 'neath the star-lit sky,  
If you'd regret me,  
As loitering homeward, still we seem'd to fly  
To'ards the abode that ever seem'd too nigh;  
Recall my fervent clasp, my fond good-bye,  
So, you will not forget me.

Recall me, rather, in thy saddest mood,  
When cares beset thee;  
Remember, then, how I have anxiously sued  
To share your care, and fondly, vainly woo'd,  
To hear you breathe in hurried tones subdued,  
"O never, love, forget me!"

'Tis thus, love, only I would fill your mind,  
When there you set me;  
To all my faults I'd have you very blind,  
And only see me fond, and true, and kind—  
Pure as that heart wherein I'd lie enshrined,  
If fate, unkind, would let me.

These lines, of melancholy interest, appear as a contribution to the *Keepsake* for 1842; but we read them in a New York periodical early in 1841.—*Ed. L. S. J.*



## TWELFTH-DAY.

TWELFTH-DAY is also denominated Epiphany, from the Greek *Epiphaneia*, appearance or manifestation; it being a church festival celebrated on the twelfth-day after Christmas, in commemoration of our Saviour's being manifested to the world by the appearance of a miraculous star. This day is said to have been first observed as a separate feast in the year 813. The customs of the day, though various in different countries, all agree in the same end, namely, to do honour to the eastern magi, or kings, who visited and made offerings to our Saviour at his birth:

"The Wise Men's Day here followeth,  
Who out of Persia farre,  
Brought gifts and presents unto Christe,  
Conducted by a Starre."

Barnaby Googe.

The custom of eating twelfth-cake, and especially of drawing for king and queen on this day, is very ancient. In the calendar of the Romish church is an observation on January 5th, the vigil of the Epiphany, "Kings created or elected by beans;" and the 6th is called "the Festival of Kings," with the additional remark that "the ceremony of electing kings was continued with feasting for many days." In the cities and academies of Germany, the students and citizens choose one of their own number for king, providing a most magnificent banquet on the occasion. In France, during the ancient regime, one of the courtiers was chosen a king, and the nobles attended at an entertainment whereat he presided; and with the French, *Le roi de la Fève* still signifies a Twelfth-night king.

These ceremonies are probably the remains of those for choosing, amongst the Greeks and Romans, a sort of "King of the company," whose business it was at feasts, to determine the laws of good fellowship, and to observe whether every one drank his proportion, whence he was also called "the eye." He was commonly appointed by lots, occasionally, perhaps, by beans, as was usual among the Romans, but generally by the dice. Horace alludes to this *Rex convivi*, or *Rex bibendi*, on different occasions:

"Quem Venus arbitrum  
Dicet bibendi?"—*Carm. lib. ii. 7.*  
"To whom shall beauty's queen assign,  
To reign the monarch of our wine?"—*Francis.*

The chief magistrates were not exempted from yielding obedience, if the lots gave another pre-eminence; whence Agesilaus, king of Lacedæmon, being present at an entertainment, was not declared *Rex* till the lots had fallen upon him.

The custom of making merry with twelfth-cake is also stated to be derived from the Saturnalia, and to have been a sacrifice to Janus, from whom January is named. "Our Roman conquerors brought it amongst us, and offered cakes to Cybele, called the Great Mother, because she procured men all the benefits of the earth." Again, in the drawing for king and queen, a piece of money is said to have been substituted for the bean.

In the "student-life" of the English universities may be traced this joyful custom; where the choosing of a person king or queen was by a *bean*, found in a piece of divided cake. The *pea* was used as well as the bean: thus, in Ben Jonson's masque of *Christmas*, the character of Baby-cake is attended by an usher bearing a great cake with a bean and peas. Elsewhere, both are alluded to:—

"Now, now, the month comes,  
With the cake full of plams,  
Where Bean's the king of the sport here;

Beside, we must know,  
The Pea also,  
Must revell as queene in the court here.

Begin then to choose  
(This night as ye use,)  
Who shall for the present delight here;  
Be a king by the lot,  
And who shall not  
Be twelfth-day queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make  
Joy-sops with the cake;  
And let not a man then be seen here,  
Who unurg'd will not drinke,  
To the base from the brinke,  
A healtie to the king and the queene here.

Next crowne the bowl full  
With gentle lambs' wooll;  
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,  
With store of ale, too;  
And thus ye must doe  
To make the wassaile a swinger.

Give then to the king  
And queene wassailing;  
And though with ale ye be whet here;  
Yet part ye from hence  
As free from offence,  
As when ye innocent met here."

Sandys's Carols.

Thus we see that the wassail-bowl was "the sun of the table" on Twelfth-night, as well as at Christmas; though, probably, the image of our Saviour was not carried about with the bowl in Epiphany, as at Christmas. The last relics of wassails were in Cornwall, the time of their performance being changed from Christmas to Twelfth-day.

Selden says, "our chusing kings and queens on twelfth-night hath reference to the three kings." Charles II. kept this festal custom, as he did every other of his time, but he added gaming to it. Old Evelyn records on Twelfth-night, 1662:—"This evening his majesty opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100. (The year before he won £1500.) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about £1000., and left them still at passage, cards, &c. at other tables: both there and at the groom-porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst losers; sorry I am that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a court which ought to be an example to the rest of the kingdom."

Neither was keeping Twelfth-night exclusively a court or city custom, but was equally blended with the jocund observances of rural life—

"When loose to festive joy, the country round  
Laugh'd with the loud sincerity of mirth."

We find the rustic custom thus in comparison with the dearest wish of the peasant's heart:—

"Now Twelf Day is coming goode housewife I trowe,  
Get readie your churne and your milk from the cowe,  
And fire your oven all ready to bake,  
For Emma come hither a bonnie twelfth-cake.

The lads and the lasses at night will be seen  
Round the wassille bowle drawing for king and for queene;  
But could I possess their three kingdomes by lotte,  
I would rather have Emma and dwell in a cotte."

Anthol. Bor. et Aus. 6.

With the wassail bowl at Christmas, by the way, roasted apples were formerly carried about; long after this was discontinued, apples were roasted on Christmas-eve,

and this little observance is kept up in some districts, to the present day. In many parishes of the apple-counties of Gloucester and Hereford, a few years since, it was customary on twelfth-night to make twelve small fires, and one large one; the bonfire celebration of a festival being very general. In Devonshire too, the country-people carry cider to the orchard on this night, and there encircling one of the best bearing trees, they drink the following toast three several times:—

"Here's to thee, old apple-tree,  
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow!  
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!  
Hats full! caps full!  
Bushel—bushel—sacks full,  
And my pockets full too. Huzza."

At court, where olden ceremonies linger beyond the time of their observance in common life, the custom of making the offerings to the three kings was performed so late as the year 1731; when at the Chapel Royal at St. James's, on twelfth-day, George II. and the Prince of Wales made "the offerings at the altar of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, according to custom." So closely was the Roman custom followed, that at court was a "King of the Bean," who superintended the twelfth-night festivals; and in the reign of Edward III. this title was conferred upon one of the king's minstrels, as we find by an entry in a computus so dated, that sixty shillings were given by the king on the day of Epiphany, to Regan the trumpeter and his associates, the court minstrels, in the name of King of the Bean.

As confectionery has from the earliest times, formed a branch of English housewifery, the cake was generally made up to our own time; still, as none but a mistress (or rather master of the art,) kept in large establishments could make an ornamented twelfth-cake, the business fell into the hands of the public confectioner or pastry-cook. The embellishment of the cake with dainty devices, is doubtless a relic of the elaborate art of decoration, of which we find minute and tedious details in the "household books," and other records of the splendid hospitalities of olden times. Even in the last century, the confectioner appears to have been a more important business than at present; for in *A General Description of all Trades*, dated 1747, it is stated that there were then more confectioners in London than any body could presently conceive: "the working part is really lavish: about £300. will set up one who follows confectionery only." The trade of the confectioner has now almost merged into the business of the cook, or pastry-cook.\* Then, too, we read of the English nobility keeping twelfth-night otherwise than by the cake and characters; as by the diversion of blowing up pasteboard castles; letting claret flow like blood from out a stag made of paste; the castle bombarded from a pasteboard ship, with cannon, in the midst of which the company pelted each other with egg-shells filled with rose-water; and large pies filled with live frogs and birds, which hopped and flew out upon some curious

person lifting up the lid. Hence, probably, the nursery ditty:—

"When the pie was open'd,  
The birds began to sing,  
And wasn't this a dainty dish,  
To set before the king?"

Stripped of these quaint devices, Twelfth-day has, however, been kept, and where the reader may little expect it—in the green-room of one of our national theatres. It appears that Baddeley, the comic actor, in his will, left a twelfth-cake and wine for the performers of Drury lane theatre, of which they partook every Twelfth-night, in the green-room, when they drink to the memory of the donor. Baddeley had been cook to Foote, in whose service he imbibed a taste for the drama: but Baddeley's bequest is not kept very regularly. At the City court, if this be not a contradiction of terms, Twelfth-night, for many years, has been kept by individual liberality. The late Alderman Birch every year sent to the Mansion house a large twelfth-cake, for the Lord Mayor to keep twelfth-night. The Alderman retired from business as a cook and confectioner many years since; but the above custom, we believe, has not been discontinued.

Twelfth-day is now but little regarded in England: the cakes in the London confectioners' shops are few and far between, and in families where the night is noticed, the little carnival has dwindled to a staid formal party. Yet, not many years have flitted away since every pastry-cook's window in the metropolis exhibited its glittering fairy frostwork to crowds of wonderstruck gazers, among whom great was the wagery and fun of pinning each other together, to the twaining of many a gown-skirt and coat-tail. Then the size and cost of the cakes were marvels for the newspapers: well do we remember a cake made in Cheapside, of such dimensions as to be baked in halves, filling two ovens, and covering the whole shop-window; but of the statistics of the eggs, flour, currants, &c. we are not so cognizant. A droll story was related to ourselves touching a Twelfth-day. A young urchin "Blue" broke loose from "the pursuit of knowledge" to that of twelfth cake, and entering a pastry-cook's in Newgate street, anxiously inquired of the shop-woman the price of this cake?—Five guineas. Of that?—Three guineas. Of that?—Four pounds. Of that?—One guinea; till at length, his inquiry fell to a penny bun! to the chagrin of the shop-woman and the boisterous mirth of the crowd outside.

## POETICAL MORCEAUX.

FROM THE GERMAN AND FRENCH OF ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO; BY T. GRIMES.

### 1.—*The King of Spain's Daughter.* (From the French.)

WITH the king of Spain's young daughter,  
Some trade was all the go;  
She must have something taught her,  
Must learn to wash or sew.

On the strand, then, she would linger,  
The linen white to steep;  
When the ring from her finger,  
Did fall into the deep.

Now this daughter she was juvenile,  
And hence began to cry;  
As a noble chevalier the while  
Was haply passing by.

"What will you give, my sweet one,  
To have it safe restor'd?"

"A kiss, if you entreat one,  
Shall be your straight reward."

\* In the old work above quoted, it is stated that "besides a vast number of petty roasting and boiling cooks, there are, almost every where, throughout the city and suburbs, good ordinaries and pastry-cooks, the keepers of which are generally professed cooks; nay, there is scarce an eminent tavern but has a true-bred man-cook; each city company, inn of court, and almost every grand family, have their master-cook. In short, there is no entertainment of any consequence, but they have a hand in it; and many of them have made handsome fortunes by their business." The Cooks' Company was incorporated in 1480, and their hall is in Little Britain. The cook's shop was, probably, the earliest shop in London.

The chevalier disrob'd himself,  
And instantly plung'd in;  
But from the first immersion,  
Faith, nothing did he win.  
A second plunge he ventur'd,  
Still was the ring not found;  
A third,—(to be greatly censur'd,)  
The chevalier was drown'd. 4  
The maiden, she was young as fair,  
And wept in agony;  
And hastening home, she cried, "*Mon père*,  
No more of your trades for me!"

2. — *To Henrietta E.*  
(From the German.)

She who decks my head with flowers,  
With laurel, or the bay,  
Shall see the wreath, ere evening hours,  
Though green when pluck'd, decay.  
But say, oh say, to me unknowing,  
Does thus love's garland fade?  
Or are its flowers for ever blowing,  
Perpetual light to shed?

3. — *To Pauline, who had become Chamisso's sister-in-law.*

To snatch the veil from falsehood's willing  
Is at my torn heart's painful cost;  
Those genuine joys in dreams beguiling,  
Are now for ever, ever lost!  
Yes! I believed in love's true blessing,  
Inebriate I did exhaust  
The cup Circean, which now ceasing,  
Those joys are ever, ever lost!  
Th' illusion of one's youth how odd is!  
Alas! I judg'd to my own cost,  
How much I lov'd, inconstant goddess!  
The joy is now for ever lost!  
The god of love, my cherish'd Pauline,  
To thee how just, the flower hath toss'd;  
The thorn, alas! the same god saw mine,  
And all my joys for ever lost!

## LONDON STONE, AND DINING WITH DUKE HUMPHREY.

LONDON ANTIQUITIES are no longer held to be dull and crabbed, for the two above-mentioned have just been picturesquely introduced into the Christmas pantomime at Drury lane theatre. The following anecdotic details may, therefore, be not ill-timed.

*London Stone*, placed against the south wall of St. Swithin's church, in Cannon street, is a Roman miliary, or more properly, the *miliarium aureum* of Britain, from which the Romans measured their roads as from a centre.\* The earliest mention of it is in a record of Ethelstane, king of the West Saxons. Stow describes it as pitched upright in Walbrook. Strype considers it anterior to the Roman times. Before the fire of London, it was but "a mere stump;" it was cased over by Wren with a new stone, cut hollow, somewhat like a Roman altar, or pedestal, so as to admit the ancient fragment to be seen through the aperture. It was removed to St. Swithin's church in 1798. Holinshed mentions the *London Stone* in his account of the insurrection of Jack Cade, who having forced his way

"thus far into the bowels" of the capital, struck his sword upon *London Stone*, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city;" "as if," Pennant remarks, "that had been a customary way of taking possession;" and this incident is also introduced in the pantomime.

The famous Robin Hood society originated with the great Sir Hugh Middleton, of New River memory, at the *London Stone Tavern*, in Cannon street; whence the Society afterwards removed successively to the Essex Head, Devereux court, Temple; and finally to the Robin Hood, Butcher row, from whence they took their name. King Charles II. was introduced to this society, disguised, by Sir Hugh, and he liked it so well that he came thrice afterwards.

"*Dining with Duke Humphrey*" is a proverbial phrase, referred to a supposed tomb of Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, in Old St. Paul's cathedral, which being very popular, men who strolled about for want of a dinner, were said to dine with Duke Humphrey; just as the spongers of a later day, when they failed to receive an invitation, as they walked in St. James's park, were said to dine with the trees.

A wag at my elbow hints that he would forego dining with Duke Humphrey, could he dine with Alderman Humphrey, who will, by rotation, be Lord Mayor of London in 1844—5.

ANTIQUARIUS.

## RECENT SUCCESSFUL ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU ALP.

[We copy the following very interesting notice of Professor Forbes and Agassiz's recent successful ascent of the Jungfrau, from the last published number of *Jameson's Journal*.]

"Our distinguished and enterprising friend and colleague Professor Forbes, along with Agassiz and others, have made a successful ascent on the great Swiss mountain the Jungfrau, whose summit is 13,720 feet above the level of the sea. Professor Forbes, being desirous to traverse the vast ice-fields which separate Grindelwald and the Vallais, requested Agassiz, with whom he had been bivouacking for some time amongst the Swiss glaciers, to accompany him across the Ober-Aar glacier, (which unites by a Col of 11,000 feet with that of Viesch,) and those of Viesch and Aletsch. To this Agassiz agreed, and proposed to add an attempt to ascend the Jungfrau, a proposal which was readily assented to.

Of six travellers and seven guides who formed the party, four of each reached the top, viz. of the former, MM. Forbes, Agassiz, Desor, and Duchatelies; of the latter, Jacob Leutold (who ascended the Finster Aarhorn), Johann Jaunon, Melchior, Bauholzer, and Andreas Aplaualp. They left the Grimsel on the morning of the 27th August last, (1841), ascended the whole length of the Ober-Aar Glacier, and descended the greater part of that Viesch. Crossing a Col to the right, they slept at the chalets of Aletsch, near the lake of that name figured in Agassiz's Glacier Views. This was twelve hours' hard walking, the descent of the glaciers being difficult and fatiguing. Next day the party started at six a.m., having been unable sooner to procure a ladder to cross the crevices, and traversed the upper part of the glacier of Aletsch in its whole extent for four and a half hours, until the ascent of the Jungfrau began. The party crossed with precaution extensive and steep fields of fresh snow, concealing crevices till they came to one which opened vertically, and behind which an excessively steep wall of hardened snow rose. The crevices being crossed with the ladder, they ascended the snow without much danger

\* This stone being from the earliest account, fixed immediately adjoining the Watling street, leads us to conclude it to have been a Roman milestone.

owing to its consistency. After some similar walking, they gained the Col, which separates the Aletsch glacier from the Roththal (on the side of Lauterbrunnen, by which the ascent has usually been attempted). Thus the party, although now at a height of between 12,000 and 13,000 feet, had by far the hardest and most perilous part of the ascent to accomplish. The whole upper part of the mountain presented a steep inclined surface of what seemed snow, but which soon appeared to be hard ice. This slope was not less than 800 or 900 feet in perpendicular height, and its surface (which Professor Forbes measured carefully several times with a clinometer) in many places rose at 45°, and in few much less. We know well, as all alpine travellers do, what an inclined surface of 45° is to walk up. Of course, every step our travellers took was cut with the hatchet, and the slope terminated below on both sides in precipices some thousand feet high. After very severe exertion, they reached the top of this great mountain at four p.m. The summit was so small, that but one person could stand on it at once, and that not until the snow had been flattened. The party returned, as it came up, step by step, and backwards, and arrived at the chalets of Aletsch, and by beautiful moonlight, at half-past 11 at night.

We may add, that the ascent of the Jungfrau was performed in the year 1812 by two guides, who were accompanied by Messrs. Meyer, *not* by the Meyers themselves. In 1829, two of several Grindelwald peasants reached the top, after having been three days out. These are the only ascents up to this time."

### THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR.

WONDER of wonders, Earth and Sky,  
Time mingled with Eternity,  
And Matter with Immensity.

The Sun becomes an Atom, and the Star  
Turns to a Candle, to light Kings from far,  
To see a Spectacle so wondrous rare.

A Virgin bears a Son, that Son doth bear  
A World of Sin, acquitting Man's Arrear,  
Since guilty Adam fig-tree leaves did wear.

A Majesty both infinite and just  
Offended was, therefore the offering must  
Be such, to expiate frail Flesh and Dust.

When no such Victim could be found,  
Throughout the whole expansive Round  
Of Heaven, of Air, of Sea, or Ground,

The Prince of Life himself descends,  
To make Astræa full amends;  
And humane Souls from Hell defends.

Was ever such a Love as this,  
That the Eternal Heir of Bliss  
Should stoop to such a low Abyss?

*Howell's Letters, 1688.*

### MAKING PUNCH.

THE following hints may be acceptable at this festive season:—

For making punch, the water should not boil, nor should it have been boiled before, else the punch will not have the creamy head so much relished: the sugar powdered will aid this effect. It should be well mixed, by stirring in each ingredient as it is added. Arrack will much improve punch: its flavour may be imitated by dissolving a scruple of the flowers of benjamin (benzoic acid, to be bought at any druggist's) in each pint of rum. The juice and thin peel of a Seville orange add variety to flavour, especially to whisky

punch; lime juice is also excellent. The aroma of the lemon is best obtained by rubbing a few lumps of sugar upon the surface of the peel. Several additions may be made to *soften* the flavour of punch; as a wine-glass of porter, or of sherry; a table-spoonful of red-currant jelly; a piece of fresh butter; the substitution of capillaire for sugar; or half rum and half shrub.

Regent's punch is made as follows: three bottles of Champagne, one bottle of hock, one bottle of Curaçoa, a quart of brandy, a pint of rum, two bottles of Madeira, two bottles of Seltzer-water, four pounds of bloom raisins, Seville oranges, lemons, white sugar-candy, and, instead of water, green tea; the whole to be highly iced.

Punch-drinkers should never allow the waste contents of the morning's tea-pot to be thrown away, since after every thing that hot water can draw from tea-leaves has been extracted, they will still yield, when subjected to the searching power of any strong spirits, nearly as strong an infusion as ever. The Seville orange, though used chiefly for making marmalade, may be employed for all the purposes of the lemon.

"Whisky-punch, when well made, is certainly of all the tipples ever invented by man, the most insinuating and the most loving; because, more than any other, it disposes the tippler to be pleased with himself. It brightens his hopes, assuages his sorrows, crumbles down his difficulties, softens the hostility of his enemies, and, in fact, induces him for the time to think generously of all mankind, at the tip-top of which it naturally and good-naturedly places his own dear self, with a glass in one hand and a mug in the other, without a wish ungratified, and as unsuspecting of evil as if not a single drop of gall or a sprig of wormwood existed on the face of the earth." So says Capt. Basil Hall: but there is no rule without an exception. We chance to know one of the best-tempered men in the world, who always becomes quarrelsome when he drinks whisky in any form.

Fielding has well described the effects of strong punch in its depredations on the noble faculties of Sophia Western's waiting-woman, Mrs. Honour. He hints that the punch, in this case, must have been made of bad rum, for, he says, "as soon as the smoke began to ascend to her pericranium, she lost her reason, while the fire in the stomach easily reached the heart, and *inflamed* the noble passion of pride." All this proves that the mixture was not *secundum artem*, nor the dose properly proportioned.

Negus can only be properly made by using good wine, and not, as some persons do, any inferior wine, in any condition. The wine should first be warmed, and a little of the outer rind of a lemon grated on the sugar.

AN OLD HAND.

### THE WHIRLPOOL OF NIAGARA.

AFTER crossing a field or two, you enter into a beautiful wood; and, going through it for a quarter of a mile, begin to descend, by a narrow, obscure, and winding path, cut out of the mountain, which is covered with the primeval forest. The descent is not very difficult, perfectly safe, and with a little expense would be pleasant. It leads to the centre of the bay-coast of the whirlpool, where there are but few rocks, and a narrow shingle beach. Here you see the vastness of the scene, the great expanse of the circular basin, the mass of mountain which encloses it almost to its very edge, and the overhanging table rock, nearly like that at the falls, and probably produced by a similar cause, the disintegration of the slate-beds under the more unyielding limestone. So extensive, however, is the surface of the water, that the huge trunks of trees floating in the concentric circles of the whirling waters, when they reach their ultimate doom in the actual vortex, appear still not larger than small logs. They revolve for a great length of time, touching the shores in their extreme gyrations, and then, as the circles narrow, are tossed about with



increasing rapidly, until in the middle, the largest giants of the forest are lifted perpendicularly, and appear to be sucked under, after a time, altogether. A singular part of the view is the very sharp angle of the precipice, and its bank of debris on the American side. You also just catch a view of the foaming rapid on the right; and an attentive observer will perceive that in the centre of the vast basin of the whirlpool the water is several feet higher than at the edges, appearing to boil up from the bottom. It varies, I should think, in the degrees of its agitation, depending perhaps on the increase or diminution of the quantity of supplied water; for there have been instances of persons who have attempted to save the timber floating round it, having, by their want of caution allowed themselves to be engulfed, and yet escaping at last. A soldier, a few years ago, I think of the Sixty-eighth regiment, got thus drawn from the edge, and was whirled round and round for several hours; but saved at last by the exertions of the neighbouring farmers, who came with ropes to his rescue. I have heard naval men say, that they thought a stout boat might cross; but I confess, from the manner in which the largest trees are treated, notwithstanding their buoyancy, I should be very unwilling to try the experiment, and it is known that persons have been destroyed.—*Bonnycastle's Canadas.*

### ONE THOUGHT ON THEE!

ONE thought on thee!—one thought on thee!

As o'er the starry summer sea  
Gay bounds the bark, that seems to dye  
With gold the wave that dances by:  
Oh! what can give to that fair night  
A softer hue, a clearer light?

One thought on thee!

Change the fair scene—where, lone and dark,  
The wintry tempest wraps our bark;  
While round, like angry spectres crowd,  
The wild waves, in their foamy shroud:  
Oh! what, in that dread hour of fear,  
Is strength to aid, and hope to cheer?

One thought on thee!

Thus, ever thus, if life should glide,  
Sweetly as summer's moonlit-tide,  
Or howl the phantom of despair,  
Like ocean when the storm is there—  
Comes, like the fabled Halcyon's form,  
To bless the calm, to soothe the storm,

One thought on thee!

C.

### THE SCHOOL OF MORE.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S Education of his Daughters, or the *School of More*, as his system was termed, attracted the universal admiration of his age. By nothing, he justly thought, is female virtue so much endangered as by idleness, and the necessity of amusement; nor against these is there any safeguard so effectual as an attachment to literature. Some security is indeed afforded by the various sorts of female employments; yet these, while they employ the hands, give only partial occupation to the mind. But well-chosen books at once engage the thoughts, refine the taste, strengthen the understanding, and confirm the morals. More was no convert to the notion that the possession of knowledge renders women less pliant; nothing, in his opinion, was so untractable as ignorance. Although to manage with skill the feeding and clothing of a family, be an essential portion in the duties of a wife and a mother; yet to secure the affections of a husband, he judged it no less indispensable to possess the qualities of an intel-

ligent and agreeable companion. Such were the opinions, with regard to female education, which More maintained in discourse, and supported by practice. His daughters, rendered proficient in music, and other elegant accomplishments, were also instructed in Latin, in which language they read, wrote, and conversed with the facility and correctness of their father. In the mean time, their step-mother, a notable economist, by distributing tasks, of which she required a punctual performance, took care that they should not remain unacquainted with female works, and with the internal management of a family. For all these purposes, which together appear so far beyond the ordinary industry of women, their time was found amply sufficient, because no part of it was wasted in idleness or trifling amusements. P.

### LITERARY AND MORAL GEMS.—No. VIII.

SELECTED BY A LADY.

#### HYPOCRISY.

THE faces one sees in such places (monasteries) are just as much made up, in their way, as that of a *petite maitresse*. Rouge and patches are not the only foreign aids of ornament by which people may falsify their visages. Humility, piety, patience, may sit just as discordantly on the countenance, as white lead or painted eyebrows. The soft, deprecating voice of an old monk, is my idea of the accents of Satan.—*Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb.*

#### GERMANISMS.

A casual observer might spend six months in Germany, particularly in Rhenish Germany, and carry away an impression, that the men were never without pipes in their mouths, nor the women without knitting needles in their hands. I once saw the body of a drowned woman taken out of the Rhine, round which six anxious individuals were clustered, labouring to minister to its resuscitation. Not one of them dreamed of removing his pipe from his mouth, while the work, for life or death, was proceeding under his hands! Nay, I once saw a fair Telescan exposed to the soliciting of a lover, eloquent as Mephistopheles, impassioned as St. Preux, tender as Romeo, enterprising as Lovelace, and handsome as Antonin de Noailles,—who proceeded the while with her lambswool stockings, as industriously as the witch of the Caucasus! But lest any unkind person,—and the world to which I write is as bitter as Rochefoucault's maxims, or the elder daughters of Lear,—should ascribe the imperturbability of the heroine to lack of merit in the hero, I beg to add, that I have seen in the Hof Theatre of Vienna, (the central heart of German civilisation) a gentle creature weep Danubes of tears over the sorrows of Thekla or the woes of Amulius,—then, almost ere the curtain fell, certainly before the bodies were cleared from the stage, quietly resume her confounded knitting needles, as though they contained balm for her wounded feelings.—*Ibid.*

#### THE FORCE OF TRUTH.

Dreadful limits are set in nature to the powers of dissimulation. Truth tyrannises over the unwilling members of the body. Faces never lie, it is said. No man need be deceived who will study the changes of expression. When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens. When he has base ends, and speaks falsely, his eye is muddy, and sometimes asquint. I have heard an experienced counsellor say, that he never feared the effect upon a jury, of a lawyer who does not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict.—*Emerson's Essays on Spiritual Laws.*

## THE LATE MR. ABERNETHY.

"The door was thrown open with a jerk, so sudden, that I involuntarily jumped off my chair, and salaamed the little man with a very white hand and very red face, before I could muster the peculiarly doleful expression I had been practising for the last ten minutes. \* \* \*

When he had, as I fancied, looked clean through me with his piercing grey eyes, he sat down, and I thought it high time to follow his example, though not invited to do so. After ten minutes more of pantomime, or dumb show, and just as I began to feel alarmed, and meditated bolting, for I really thought he was mad, he opened in a short sharp bark, half growl, 'Well! what the devil do you want?'

"Physic."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Can't tell; read too much, I think."

"Where do you come from?"

"Oxford."

"Ah! drink too much, you mean. Never knew an Oxford or Cambridge man die from over-application to any thing but his stomach. What the devil did you come to me for?"

"To be cured."

"Then, why didn't you go to T—ll, an old favourite pupil of mine, a cleverer man than his master?"

"Because," said I, bowing, "I thought so good a disciple must have had a very good master; and—"

"There, hold your tongue;—put it out, and let me see it. That will do—put it in again—shut your mouth, and keep it shut."

"He wrote on a bit of paper about the size of a crown-piece, a prescription for my disorder, and told me to go to Paternoster Row, and buy his book of Longman and Co.; to turn to page 72, and follow his printed rules as closely as I could; but if possible to go down to the sea-side for a time, and enter into every scene of gaiety and amusement I could find. 'But,' said I, 'as to diet, I thought—'

"Diet be d—d! Eat the best of every thing you fancy, only don't *cram*; drink as much of the best wine you can get as will exhilarate you, without making you drunk; and take plenty of open-air exercise."

"And am to lie down after dinner," said I, and roll on the—"

"Oh, oh!" cried he, "I see you are a wag,—all fudge about the hearth-rug. Some say I chew the cud like a cow—ha! ha! ha!" and he gave me one of the most comic looks I ever beheld. I said no more about regimen or diet, but entered into conversation on other subjects, and found him one of the most agreeable and amusing men I ever met with.—*The Parish Clerk, edited by Theodore Hook.*

## THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND.

One might fancy all the little boys one meets, were heirs apparent,

'For them the Tyrian murrey swimmeth,'

and all the little girls countesses in embryo. They are not only clothed in purple and fine linen, Flanders lace, and oriental cashmeres, but we hear of nursery governesses, nursery footmen, the children's carriage, the children's pair of horses! Now that Turkey is brought down from her stilts, I am of opinion that the only despotism extant in Europe, is the nurseryarchy of Great Britain—with its viziers and janizaries, head nurses and apothecaries, ladies' doctors and Lilliputian warehouses.—*Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb.*

## CATCHING COLD.

ONE of the chief causes of colds, (that is of fevers, for colds are slight fevers,) is, the confined and impure air which most people breathe in, both at home and at places of amusement. It is not the cold air that occasions "catching cold," but the close and contaminated air. Too much food, of any sort, first prepares the way, by clogging all the finer pores; and so prepared, a heated sitting, drawing, or dancing room, or theatre, will almost always cause this very common complaint. The writer of this paragraph is acquainted with two gentlemen, who scarcely know what it is to have a cold; and both happen to be very abstemious, though far from robust men.—"Quære: Is Mr. Wood more or less subject to catch cold, since he betook himself to his low diet?—*Answer by Mr. Wood:* He now finds himself much more healthy, and much less liable to catch cold. What few colds he now catches are so very slight that he is not sensible of them. I caused the above question to be asked Mr. Wood, and obtained the answer. It is the Mr. Wood who lives upon a pound of flour in a pudding. B. FRANKLIN."—See *Franklin's Memoirs*, vol. 6, where the reader will find explained why it is that impure air in close rooms will give cold; for the air in such places being full of discharged perspirable matter, it will receive no more of it. "If the air, therefore, will not take it off from the body, it must remain in the body; and perspiration is as effectually stopped, and the perspirable matter as certainly retained, as if the pores were all stopped." This will perhaps explain to many, how it is they feel so uncomfortable, and get such "dreadful colds," without before knowing how, or thinking they had been guilty of the smallest indiscretion, either in feeding, or in sitting in bad air.

## New Books.

## THE COMIC ALMANACK, FOR 1842.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK! what boots it to thee to have thy "genius" lauded in the "ponderous-levity" pages of the Westminster Review, or to blunt thy pencil in illustrating the "felon literature" of Twist, or Sheppard, or to embellish the picturesque antiquities of the Tower of London or Windsor Castle, or even to rattle through the year in thine own Omnibus—when thou canst produce so capital a budget of fun and humour, so fitting an "ephemeris in jest and earnest," as thine and our own dear Comic Almanack! In eight years hast thou illustrated "the months" nearly one hundred times, in spiritedly etched plates and wood-cuts; and here thou art again, an ever-green of pleasantry and humour that must move even the gravest to laughter, and satisfy the most mirth-loving. We could write a sheet upon the genius of the plates, and the sparkling head-cuts to the months that illustrate a gay countryman's year in town: the side-cuts are likewise very grotesque and novel. Of the letter-press we pick here and there a few specimens:—

"April 6th.—The will of Wood of Gloucester litigated.

Lindley Murray states that *will* indicates a *future*; Sir Matthew Wood finds a *present* derived from a *will*.

He scraped by day—he scraped away—

He scraped from stocks and stones—

If he could have sold his flesh for gold,

He'd have scraped his very bones.

Gold was his good—untired he stood,

For nothing but gold did please,

Till he reposed his bones 'neath the churchyard stones,

And left his *Leg-at-ee*."

"August 15.—The boy Jones sent to sea.

Jones, you'll be toss'd at sea, as I've a notion;  
But the dread perils of the ocean, O shun!  
Winds, when the fair Aurora dawns, O roar  
Not in your might till Jones has gone ashore;  
Waters, swell not yon yeasty billows high,  
Till that young swell's on land, and very dry;  
For though his name is Jones, and though he did  
Enter the palace, and not touch the knocker,  
There is no reason right why Jones's kid  
Should be consigned to Davy Jones's locker."

#### "A SMITH'S VICE.

When late—too late, indeed—it was found out,  
That shoals of large Exchequer bills were spurious,  
It made, no doubt,  
The holders furious—  
And indignation grew quite busy with  
That fraudulent felon, Edward Beaumont Smith,  
When prosecuted at the Queen's expense,  
Guilty, he pleaded;  
An act that, surely, did not show his sense,  
And little needed,  
While he had this defence:—  
"Gentlemen,—any frauds by me displayed,  
Were in the way of trade;  
I forged the bills, 'tis true; what then, I ask?  
Pray was it, do you think, the sort of task  
To earn for me a scourging?  
For, since the days of Vulcan, I would know,  
Up to this very last Exchequer go,  
How could a Smith be great, except in forging?"

There is some very smart squibbery upon the scientific hobbies of the day, not forgetting the "Society for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge;" but we prefer a few *Likelihoods*.

Is it likely—when attending a meeting of creditors, where time is asked for, that you will ever hear of less than the probability of thirty shillings in the pound?

Is it likely—that anybody on the Free List ("the public press excepted") can gain admittance at a theatre, when there is anything worth seeing or hearing?

Is it likely—that an unfavourable review of a work can appear, without the author's declaring that the writer has been actuated by private malice?

Is it likely—that you will find the National Gallery, or British Museum, open at the day or hour that a country cousin has selected for visiting it?

Is it likely—that you can receive a present of game, from the country, without paying, in carriage, more than it is worth, and being expected to send a basket of fish in return?

Is it likely—that a friend will remember to return your umbrella until the dry weather sets in?

Is it likely—when you get into an omnibus at the Bank, that you will arrive at Bond-street in the time in which you could have pedestrianised the distance twice over?

Is it likely—that you will hear the popular preacher whose fame has attracted you five miles on a foggy November Sunday morning?

Is it likely—that you can remember the number of the coach in which you have left your new silk umbrella?

Is it likely—that a day can pass without the manager of a theatre receiving ten applications, from "particular friends," for the use of the stage-box?

Is it likely—for your country friends not to have seen more of the London lions than you, who have been in town all your life?

Is it likely—that a friend will refuse to lend you a hundred pounds, without giving you plenty of advice?

Is it likely—that you can take a trip to a watering-place, without ever last-ingly running against your shoemaker, and finding your butcher there, "cutting it fat?"

Is it likely—that you can put on a new pair of boots, without wishing the maker of them at—a pretty considerable

distance; and driving a hole in the floor with your stamp of—anything but approbation!"

The following, upon the Statistical Society, is very droll:—

"The statistics of Camberwell Fair are exceedingly interesting; and the following return of the state of fifty dolls, there purchased, at the end of a week from the time of buying, will be read, we are assured, with avidity:—

Had their eyes poked in, and rattling loose in the head	12
Ditto picked out	8
Despoiled of their wigs	6
Lost their arms and legs	9
Melted before the fire	3
Had their noses beaten flat against the bars	7
Totally destroyed	4
In tolerable preservation	1
Total	50

As the affection of a child for its doll proverbially increases according to the dilapidated state of the latter, the above tables afford an interesting view of the probable existing proportion of nursery attachments at the present moment. One child in three, at the Fair, had a mouth covered with gingerbread crumbs, and five in twelve had the stomach-ache. The promenade Concert d'Eté, which lasted all day long, embraced twenty-two penny trumpets, or *cornets-à-bois*, nineteen musical fruits, six fiddles with packthread strings, and four drums, varying in price from sixpence to two shillings. A solo, by a very young performer, on a tin rattle filled with peas, was very much admired.

A statement has also been made connected with the omnibuses of the metropolis, from which it appears that, when you are waiting at the corner of any street for an omnibus, seven out of eight are going the wrong way. Ninety per cent. of the cads ask you if you will ride outside, when you hail them; and, out of thirteen passengers, three wear kid gloves, eight sport brown Berlin, and two none at all."

Here are a few of the "Miseries enough for the Year:"

"To find it a rapid thaw, when you have purchased a new pair of skates, and have invited a party of ladies to see your performance.

Being "not at home" to an old friend, and coming down stairs, in a forgetful fit, before he has had time to leave the house.

Going out to be godfather, and remembering, at the proper crisis for presentation, that you must have left "the" silver cup in some omnibus.

To be interrupted while writing a bill-et-doux, by the recollection of a bill over due.

Writing an appointment to a lady, and a disappointment to a tailor, and cross-directing them.

Paying your rent punctually, on quarter-day, to your landlord, and being distrained on, the next day, by his landlord.

Abusing a person whom you have never seen, to a respectable-looking stranger, who, after apparently nodding assent, with the patience of a martyr, quietly observes that *he is the man*. The unpleasant anticipation of loose teeth, as you see him making up his bunch of fives."

## VARIETIES.

*Prudential Consideration.*—The author of Gilbert Gurney was acquainted with a distinguished officer, whose lady having died in one of our colonies, and expressed a wish to be buried in England, was accordingly deposited in a cask of rum for the purpose of transport home, but remained in the cellar after the officer's second marriage; the detention being occasioned by his expectation that the duty on the spirit imported into England, in which the dear departed was preserved, would, in a few years, be either lowered or taken off altogether! Strange as this may seem, it is true.

**Christmas Pantomimes.**—A few years since, (in 1828,) we took some pains to ascertain the cost of the Christmas Pantomimes produced at the principal London Theatres, and found them to be as follow :

Drury-Lane . . . . .	£1870
Covent Garden . . . . .	1426
Adelphi . . . . .	500
Surrey . . . . .	600
Coburg . . . . .	400
Pavilion . . . . .	100
Olympic . . . . .	80

**Assamese Tea.**—The report of the Assam Tea Company for the past year states, that the order of Government for making over two-thirds of the experimental gardens and means of manufacture at Jeypore and its neighbourhood, have been carried into effect; but that the exertions of Mr. Bruce, the superintendent, have been baffled by want of labourers. The Chinese sent from Singapore, quarrelled with the natives of Pubna; part were sent to gaol for misconduct, and the rest refused to proceed to Assam. Owing to this and other causes, the product shipped to England last year was only 10,212 lbs. The quantity of land fully and partially cleared amounts to about 7000 acres. The native tea land, cleared, cropped, and in actual production, amounts to 2,638 acres, capable of producing, when the trees are in full bearing, at a quarter of a pound of tea per tree, 312,000 lbs. The company have set up a saw-mill, to aid the manufacture of chests and other articles. A small steamer, to ply between Calcutta and Assam, has arrived in the country. The estimate of the prospective return of tea for the next five years, when it is supposed that the tea-lands will be in full perfection, is as follows:—1841, 40,000 lbs.; 1842, 80,000 lbs.; 1843, 160,000 lbs.; and so on, increasing 80,000 lbs. each year.—*Asiatic Journal.*

**Sea-kale** is now in perfection: for, unlike most other vegetables, kale is improved by forcing; and that so produced is more crisp and delicate than that of natural growth in April or May.

**A Christmas Turkey** will be much improved by hanging for a fortnight or even three weeks, in which time the flesh will acquire the fine flavour of game. Roasted chestnuts, grated or sliced, make an excellent addition to the stuffing for turkeys or geese.

**Tobacco Pipes.**—It is a curious fact, that, although our pipes are quite different in shape and substance from the original American pipe, they seem to have been used among us almost since the very first introduction of tobacco.

**A Plum Pudding** is hardly ever boiled enough; a fault which reminds one of a predicament in which Lord Byron once found himself in Italy. He had made up his mind to have a plum-pudding on his birthday, and busied himself a whole morning in giving minute directions to prevent the chance of a mishap; yet, after all the pains he had taken, and the anxiety he must have undergone, the pudding appeared in a tureen, and of about the consistency of soup.

**The Pleasures of the Table** have never been incompatible with the gifts of genius, or the investigations of the understanding. "I cannot conceive," says Dr. Johnson, "the folly of those, who, when at table, think of every thing but eating; for my part, when I am there, I think of nothing else; and, whosoever does not trouble himself with this important affair at dinner, or supper, will do no good at any other time."

**Origin of Punch.**—That Punch made his appearance in the puppet-show of the Deluge, most persons know; his exclamation of "hazy weather, master Noah!" having been preserved by tradition.—*The Doctor.* We refer this matter to the Editors of that "right merrie" and facete journal, "Punch."

**Hint to Wits.**—They who cannot swim should be contented with wading in the shallows: they who can may take to the deep water; no matter how deep, so it be clear. But let no one dive in the mud.

**Dorking Fowls.**—All fowls of the original Dorking breed have five claws, although a great many are reared there with only four: they are large and superior in flavour. The sale for the London markets is estimated at more than £8,000 per annum.

**Merry and Wise.**—It is quite refreshing to find so grave an authority as Barrow, the divine, thus advocating the virtue of being merry and wise. "Such facetiousness," saith he, "is not unreasonable nor unlawful which ministereth harmless divertisement and delight to conversation; harmless, I say, that is, not infringing charity or justice, not disturbing peace. \* \* \* If jocular discourse may serve to good purposes; if it may be apt to raise our drooping spirits, to allay our irksome cares, to whet our blunted industry, to recreate our minds, being tried and cloyed with grave occupations; if it may breed alacrity, or maintain good humour among us; if it may conduce to sweeten conversation and endear society, then is it not inconvenient or unprofitable. \* \* \* Why should those games which excite our wit and fancies be less reasonable than those whereby our grosser parts and faculties are exercised? Yea, why are not those more reasonable, since they are performed in a manly way, and have in them a smack of reason; since also that they be so managed as not only to divert and please, but to improve and profit the mind, rousing and quickening it, yea, sometimes enlightening and instructing it by good sense conveyed in jocular expression?"

**Love's Catching.**—Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothing and money.—*Miss Martineau.*

**True Philosophy.**—When Alderman Beckford's fine house at Fontbill, with pictures and furniture to a great value, was burnt, he coolly said: "Oh! I have an odd £50,000 in a drawer; I will build it up again: it won't be above a thousand pounds a-piece difference to my thirty children."

**Spurzheim** was lecturing on phrenology. "What is to be conceived the organ of drunkenness?" said the professor. "The barrel-organ," interrupted Bannister.

**Keeping Holidays.**—There are many advantages in variety of conditions, one of which is boasted of by a divine, who rejoices that, between both classes, all the holidays of the church are properly kept, since the rich observe the feasts, and the poor observe the fasts.—*Sharp.*

**Hippocrates** was the first who applied himself to the study of physic as the sole business of his life. In his time, an extensive knowledge of diseases and their remedies had been attained; but it was reserved for the present era, to perfect that knowledge by the addition of a vast body of collateral evidence drawn from the stores which have subsequently been unfolded by chemistry, geology, and experimental philosophy. Such, however, were the attainments of the medical philosophers of that early period, such their diligence in observing facts, such the accuracy of their discrimination and the soundness of their reasoning, that they left but comparatively little on which the mere force of observation could improve. Indeed, they attained a boundary which it would have been scarcely possible to pass, but by the aid of those auxiliaries which other branches of science have since supplied.

**True Economy.**—When chimneys were first introduced in kitchens, with wide-arched fire-places, over them was commonly written "Waste not, want not," which exhorted cooks to care and economy. This motto is placed over the largest mantel of the vast kitchen at Raby Castle, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Cleveland.

Vols. I. and II. of the New and Pictorial Series of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, price 6s. 6d. each, handsomely bound in cloth, may be had of all Booksellers.

LONDON:

W. BRITAIN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES. Glasgow: D. BRYCE.

Dublin: CURRY & Co.

Printed by J. Rider, 14, Bartholomew Close, London.